That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Iu. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Ro. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweete to rest
The gray eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckeld like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles,
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuiced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
VVe sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor ought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all sence with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
Ro: Good morrow father.
Fr. Benedicite.
VVhat early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raign,
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprouse with some distemprature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.
Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline?*
Rom. VVith *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
Fri. Thats my good son, but where hast thou beene then?
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue beene feasting with mine enemie,
VVher on a sudden one hath wounded me: